

# The Campus Mirror

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## MR. ROY AKAGI ADDRESSES INTERRACIAL FORUM

By MINNIE EDITH CURETON

In an address to the Interracial Forum, which met in Howe Memorial Chapel Sunday afternoon, March 4, Mr. Roy Akagi, National Secretary of the Japanese Student Movement, briefly discussed some of the forces that are cementing friendly relations between the United States and Japan.

"Whether for good or for bad," said Mr. Akagi, "the shift of civilization from the East to the West is gradually making the West the front door to Oriental and Occidental civilization and the East is becoming the backway." Because of geographical situation—the United States on one side of the Pacific and Japan on the other—these countries are being brought into close relationship one with the other. Mr. Akagi said that Japanese-American trade is one of the greatest unifying forces, 94 per cent of Japanese raw silk being exported to this country annually.

In spite of the friendly trade relations between these countries, the immigration problem is somewhat puzzling to the Japanese. He said that the discrimination against Japanese immigrants and the Johnson-Lodge immigration bill of 1924, which abrogated the Root-Takahira "gentlemen's agreement" of 1908, express the opinion of the United States government that Japanese trade is desirable, but the immigrants from this country are not desirable members of the family circle of America.

## REV. HOWARD THURMAN AT CHAPEL

"My prayer to God is that your love may grow more and more in understanding, knowledge and all manner of insight," thus began Rev. Howard Thurman, a graduate of Morehouse and Oberlin Colleges, and at present the pastor of Zion Baptist Church of Oberlin, Ohio, when he spoke to the student body and faculty at devotional exercises Tuesday morning, March 13.

A knowledge, continued Mr. Thurman, that is worthwhile is one that is a guide to almighty love. A mother's love for a wayward boy, for example, is a love that comes as a result of the mother's almost perfect knowledge of the boy.

On Wednesday morning Mr. Thurman continued his discourse on the same subject. He would have us possess a knowledge that would enable us to have a sense for that which is vital—a something within us that would aid in determining the counterfeit from the genuine. It is difficult to determine this in many of the things that we find in the world about us; it is still more so when it comes to things we can't see. It is done, however, on the basis of simple choices made from day to day. These choices are not to

## MARCH

By RUBY L. BROWN

March is here and spring is near  
And what will Jack Frost do now?—  
Poor thing!

On the first of March the wind whirled and roared around the campus so that one was saved the trouble of walking to the calendar to find out what day it was.

"March is fierce, isn't it?" said Alice to Mary. "My roommate said that here in Atlanta, if it comes in like a lion, it goes out like a lamb and if it comes in like a lamb it goes out like a lion. I never heard that before. It's funny. It sounds just like that ground-hog story to me."

"Alice, you listen carefully and I shall explain to you, as best I can, March weather in Atlanta. We believe in that lamb and lion story just as we do the ground-hog story. You know that spring comes during the month, therefore March is the first spring month, so to speak. If the first of the month is just as you have seen it, then the first of spring is going to be favorable, but if the first of March is like the days you have in Florida, then don't put away your winter clothes, for you will need them. We believe that, Alice. No doubt you wonder how March can go out like a lion without scaring gentle spring away.

"In March old Mr. Winter seems to be creeping away and Miss Spring approaching, but Mr. Winter hasn't gone every time he seems to be going. Sometimes he gets half way to his home and comes back to Miss March Thirteen, saying, 'Gee, I forgot to tell you good-bye.' That day the wind roars and roars so much that we can hardly keep warm.

"Finally he leaves again and reaches his home several miles away. There he opens his trunks and grips and packs away the little brown leaves, the snow, the ice, his friend, Jack Frost, and the like. Just about the time we think he is settled, we see him rushing back to another date, saying, just as a traveler would say, 'I forgot to take the sleet along and I've come for it.' That day we bring out our galoshes, rain coats and umbrellas. A few days after he departs with the sleet.

"Now the very end of March, here he comes back, we say. He tries but often his foot slips off the edge of March and he is too crippled to come further. Away he limps then to his home and settles in his bed."

"Gee! Mary," Alice remarked, "that's a wonderful story. I'm going to tell mother about March when I get home for I'm sure she must not have heard the story.

"Old Mr. Winter had no business trying to crowd into Miss Spring's place. I'm going to always stay in my place, for I see that if I do, everything will probably go on all right."

be made between what is extremely good and what is extremely bad but between things which are all seemingly good. There must be a choice between the good and the best.

## MR. GEORGE COLLINS SPEAKS ON THE RACE QUESTION

By P. V. KIMBROUGH

The Y. W. C. A. has brought before us this year a number of outstanding persons: Missionaries, associate branch workers, national and international student secretaries.

The Y President and her co-workers aim to bring before the students such persons as will help discuss the prevalent religious ideas, the social conflicts, race relationships and minor, every day problems which confront students. For this reason Mr. George Collins was secured to speak on the Race Question to the students in Laura Spelman Assembly on Sunday evening, February 12. His talk was confined to the cause and the possible solution of what we choose to call the race problem. He said that prejudice based upon superstitious ideas, inferiority caused by ignorance and illiteracy of a race, and segregation, more sectional than national, are all at the bottom of the present day race conflicts. The possible solution which he offered and which so many other authorities offer is the amalgamation of the races. Of course, he holds that in this amalgamation the lower elements of the races are not included.

At the end of his very interesting discussion on this subject the members of the Y asked questions of Mr. Collins and made the best of their opportunity for information.

## QUARLES LIBRARY IN NEW QUARTERS

The library will soon be moved into its nice new quarters in the basement of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Hall. It will occupy the rooms formerly used for the "gym" and the laundry. The reading room will be in the old laundry room while the book cases will be in the old gym room. No longer will the readers be disturbed by the pounding of heels on a hardwood floor, for there will be a fine cork floor in the reading room. Several big windows in the reading room furnish an abundance of light. Everything will be conducive to study, reading for pleasure and quietude. Great fun will be had in the moving.

### Have You Read These Books?

Copper Sun—Countee Cullen.  
Black April—Julia Peterkin.  
Of One Blood—Robert Speer.  
Abraham Lincoln, Man of God—John Wesley Hill.  
Byron—Albert Brecknock.  
Oliver Cromwell—John Drinkwater.  
A Friend of Caesar—William Stearn Davis.  
Dean Briggs—Rollo Walter Brown.  
A Donkey Trip Through Spain—Gordon.  
Two Vagabonds in a French Village—Gordon.



# The Campus Mirror

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## Dean Carpenter Attends the N. E. A. and the National Association of Deans of Women

From Dean Carpenter's report in chapel and a personal interview The Mirror obtained the following account.

The Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association held its mid-winter meeting in Boston, February 26-March 1, 1928. Boston had as its guests more than 15,000 people, among whom were state administrators, college administrators, supervisors of education, principals, superintendents and teachers of education, in fact the most important executives from all parts of the country. Many affiliated organizations and departments held their meetings in connection with the N. E. A., such as the Department of Elementary School Principals, the National Association of Secondary School Principals, the Department of Rural Education, and the Department of Deans of Women.

The purpose of this meeting was to discuss educational problems. Among the many educators that appeared on the program were Dr. Alice Hamilton, who has the honor of being the only woman on the Harvard University faculty; Lewis M. Termon, one of the leading psychologists, Leland Stanford University; President Woolley, Mount Holyoke College, who spoke on "Pacific Relations." President Woolley has twice been selected as one of the 25 to represent the United States in the Honolulu Institute, a group of representatives from different countries interested in Pacific Relations.

One of the outstanding interests of the Association was the exhibit of school supplies,

books, and school furnishings for every kind of school from kindergarten to university.

Various trips were arranged for visiting neighboring institutions. Mr. Henry Ford entertained the state superintendents with a dinner at Longfellow's Wayside Inn, after which they visited the school of Mary's Little Lamb. The governor of Rhode Island sent automobiles for them to visit his state. Trips were also made to historical places such as Plymouth, Lexington and Concord.

## NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF DEANS AND REGISTRARS

The Campus Mirror is grateful to Miss Marjorie A. Everingham, Registrar of Spelman College, for information about the third annual conference of the National Association of Collegiate Deans and Registrars in Negro Schools, which Miss Everingham attended at Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee, March 1 to 3. Dean T. E. McKinney of A. and T. College, Greensboro, North Carolina (brother of Flora McKinney, '30), the president and originator of the association, opened the conference. On the first night the guests were honored with a banquet and reception.

The purpose of this conference, as stated by Dean Ambrose Caliver of Fisk University, chairman of the program committee, was "to direct thought and attention to certain principles and conclusions that will guide in working out curricula."

The program consisted, mainly, of papers on existing curricula in Negro colleges, followed by open discussions. Some of the topics were the "Junior College Curriculum" by Dean Carol Cotton of Bennett College; "The Liberal Arts College Curriculum," Dean J. P. Brawley, Clark University; "Curricula in Teacher Training Colleges," Professor B. W. Doyle, Fisk University. Dean Ambrose Caliver of Fisk spoke on "Personnel Problems," showing how the study of personnel problems might affect the organization of curricula. All of the papers dealt with existing conditions rather than with generalizations as to what ideal curricula are. The statistics were obtained from questionnaires sent out before the meeting.

At the evening session on March 2, held in Fisk Memorial Chapel, two addresses were given. An address on "Some Phases of Curriculum Making" was delivered by Dr. Ben W. Frasier, Specialist in Teacher Training, Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C. The president of Fisk University, Dr. Thomas E. Jones, spoke on the subject, "The Liberal Arts College in American Life."

Throughout the conference the heated arguments and discussions showed many conflicting opinions on the whole topic of curricula building. Probably the greatest value of the meetings lies in the fact that each person was stimulated to think of problems in the field of education that are facing the whole country as well as individual Negro colleges.

On the last afternoon, cars were provided for a sight seeing tour to all educational centers in Nashville.

Mr. Edward Embry, president of the Rosenwald Fund, and Mr. Smith, field agent for the same fund, were callers on the campus Wednesday, February 22. Both were at the morning devotions and spoke to the student body and faculty.

Mr. Embry spoke about the interesting people that he had met in his travels over the world. He said there are various races of people, all of whom have some characteristics which make them interesting. Among the people whom he had met are those of the Pacific Islands, Japan and China.

There are, continued Mr. Embry, enormous race problems. The problem is America is, "To live and let live." The cheery greeting used by the English girl bus drivers used in unlighted London during the World War is a motto which each individual of a group of people could make his or her own. It is said that, when one girl driver would pass another, she would call to her companion, "Stick it." The companion would call back, "I am here."

Mr. Smith said that there are 4,108 Rosenwald schools in 14 Southern states. Rosenwald schools take care of 32 per cent of the rural school life. Trained teachers are needed to fill the places made by the building of these schools.

## THE WOULD-BE STORY TELLING CLUB

The Would-Be Story Telling Club gave its first public program Friday night, February 17, 1928, in Howe Memorial Chapel. The president of the club, Miss Mary Dunn, gave a preliminary speech on the previous work of the club and turned the meeting over to Miss Inez Dumas. Miss Dumas gave a general outline of the Odyssey, after which the following program was given:

The Wanderings of Odysseus.

Part I—Events before the return of Odysseus to his home in Ithaca.

1. Story of Proteus, the old man of the sea, that Menelaus told to Telemachus.—Estelle Bailey.

2. How Hermes found Odysseus on Calypso's isle, to his arrival in the home of the Phaeacian king.—Beulah Cloud.

3. The story of Aeolus.—Virginia Strong.

4. The adventures of Odysseus with the Cyclops, Polyphemus, a giant.—Willie Reese.

5. The adventures of Odysseus with the goddess, Circe.—Florence Jones.

6. His adventure with the Sirens and with Scylla and Charybdis.—Elnora James.

Part II—Stories of events after the return of Odysseus to his home in Ithaca.

7. Odysseus at home learns from Athena of the wooers of his wife, Penelope, and of Telemachus' search for him. He lodges with his swineherd.—Lois Davenport.

8. Odysseus disguised as a beggar risks danger.—Eloise Ward.

9. Trial of the bow and slaughter of the wooers.—Margaret Bennett.

10. Putting the house in order and recognition of Odysseus by his wife, Penelope.—Justine Wilkinson.

11. Winding up the story.—Elizabeth Jones.



# SOCIAL NOTES

On Sunday night, March 4, Mr. Akagi, the national student secretary of the Japanese Y. M. C. A., was the guest at the regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. He brought a message from far away Japan to let us know the great progress his people were making in the Christian world. His subject for the evening was "Some of the Christianity in Japan Today." Christianity came to Japan three times. At first little influence was exerted by it. The second wave of Christianity came to stay, and the last time it became well rooted in the hearts of the people. It is very well organized now, because Christian ideas are moving Japan today. The Japanese are no longer a heathen race, as some have thought and still think. Japan has only about one Christian out of every 200 individuals, but as long as Christian ideas possess the land why worry about the small number who have confessed the Christ?

In Japan there are both Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. organizations which are intensely interested in prayer circles and Bible study. In the past two years field workers have succeeded in gathering 2,000 students. Another movement has three branches in the city of Tokio and sponsors Student Christian Services. Other movements are built around different professors in college.

His closing remarks were very impressive and uniquely expressed. "Think of Japan not as a heathen land, but as a religious land. The Romans systematized religion, the Anglo-Saxons individualized religion. The Negroes may some day spiritualize religion. Who knows but what the Japanese will re-Christize Christianity?"

—PHYLLIS V. KIMBROUGH.

## THE BARBER SHOP

By MINNIE FINLEY

Some time ago there was a note on the bulletin board inviting the girls interested in hair-cutting to an interview with the Dean. A number of girls had noticed this also, and on investigation found that they were going to be given a barber shop.

After a few plans and a great deal of cleaning, we opened Spelman's first barber shop the following Saturday at nine o'clock in Packard Annex, Room 14.

Since that day, business has grown considerably. Most of the customers come on Saturday from nine to twelve-thirty, but a few come from four to five on school days.

The barber shop is open for business. There are three polite barbers to serve the trade: Misses Gwendolyn Holland, Catherine Burris, and Minnie Finley.

Enter the Packard Annex door and follow the signs. You'll be sure to come again.

Congress opened December 5, with a bang. A close study of the available newspapers has shown that the Negro is figuring much in Republican party circles and the message of the President to Congress had much to say about the Negro and his progress.—The Mentor, Clark University.

## NEW STUDENT HYMNALS

By RUBY L. BROWN

What do you suppose attracted the attention of each girl one day as she approached her regular seat in the Sisters Chapel? The clean new red hymnals with shining letters on the front cover. Anxiously we stood waiting for the vacancies to be filled on our rows so that we might sit and examine thoroughly these beautiful new books.

When the organ began one could see, all around, books in the hands of every student. At the top of the cover "American Student Hymnal" shone clearly. Then at the bottom, the greatest surprise of all, we saw the name "Spelman College." Even the song books show loyalty on our campus.

How could a description of the beautiful and useful hymnals be complete without some idea of the contents? One glance through the index will make one eager to use the book from morning until night. There are hymns that can't be surpassed, composed by some of the greatest composers. Then there are melodies—a large section of the book given to them. Besides the doxologies and chants, there are prayers, responsive and unison readings, acts of adoration, aids to worship, and spaces for new songs.

A few days later when some of the newness had worn away and there was no extra speaker in chapel, Miss Read, in her usual pleasant manner, explained to us the facts concerning the new books. We found out that somebody had been interested in our singing for quite a while. She had inquired for song books and had been told by an employee of the Century Company that they were bringing out a new book. It promised to be better than any student hymnal to be had then. It's just like Miss Read to leave the "good" and wait for the "better."

Now that we have the book we feel that it is just the hymnal for students and we are very proud of it.

Miss Julia Morrow, who has charge of an industrial school for girls in India, spoke in chapel Friday morning, February 24. She told of the contrast between the life in India today and that seventy years ago.

Seventy years ago, said Miss Morrow, women were given no chance at all in India. Today this condition has changed. There are found missionary openings for women. Work is done for women and by women along medical lines, evangelical lines and educational lines.

On Thursday morning, February 2, Mrs. Ludie Andrews, president of the Neighborhood Union of Atlanta, gave a brief history of the founding of this union and the work that it is doing in helping the poor and the unfortunate in the city of Atlanta.

## LOST

Lost, somewhere between March 7 and March 14, 1928, a voice. If any one can give any clue as to its whereabouts, a member in the class of '28 would be grateful. The finder will please return it to the Lost and Found Bureau and receive a reward.

## NIGHT FLYING DEMONSTRATED IN ATLANTA

By RUBY L. BROWN

These expressions were heard just before time for study at Spelman College Saturday night, February 25:

"What in the world is that?"

"Look! Look!"

"Gee! Whiz! A plane is on fire!"

"This must be judgment day!"

"I'm somewhat scared, aren't you?"

"I never saw such. Well, well!"

"Suppose that thing falls and burns one of our beautiful buildings. Too bad—too sad!"

"Well, well, well! All this commotion and excitement over a small matter."

There were three planes flying high above, demonstrating night flying. They made a beautiful picture, indeed, with the colored lights attached to them.

The facts are that five huge Keystone planes began a flight to Atlanta from Langley field, Virginia, Saturday morning, but at Abbottville, S. C., one of them was forced down and another landed to give aid to it. Therefore, only three came directly to Atlanta. In the demonstration, flares were dropped from the planes, causing the illumination.

The flares seemed to be right over our campus, although they must have been a long distance from us. All during study you could hear faintly from one room and then another, "I wonder what that really was."

The roommate would say, "Oh, go on and study. We shall find out tomorrow. It wasn't harmful, I guess, but I should like to know myself what it was. It will be in the paper," she thought.

And on Sunday morning there was a rush to the library for the paper.

'Here it is on a front page, 'Bombing Planes End Flight Here.' It is important."

"I thought that was it when I saw it."

"I never thought of a plane burning nor the fire falling on our buildings nor anything like that."

"No! None of us did."

## SAVE YOUR BREATH

By JEANETTE HICKS

Wanted, a student who does begin reciting without sighing, or uttering such sounds as "ah" and "e-r-er." The habit seems to be quite prevalent on this campus, but it can be broken up. Such a habit probably had its beginning when the student in order to gain time to formulate an answer to a question began using er or ah. Each successive use made the attempt more satisfying, and as a result the habit of making such utterances in each recitation was formed. Just to see how widespread the habit is, jot down the names of several of your classmates and place an x before each person's name who uses er's and ah's during the recitation. Let us make the er and ah obsolete.

The reason you have two ears and one mouth is because you seldom learn anything with your mouth.—School Spirit.



## THE SCRIPTURE CONTEST

Every year, students in the Junior High School, Senior High School and College contest for prizes offered by Mr. Willard D. Chamberlain of Dayton, Ohio, for Scripture Reading and Recitation. The students enter their names and a preliminary contest is held to eliminate all but three participants. Those who read are not assigned the passages until the time of the contest, but those who recite are required to learn the following passages: John 14, Psalm 23 and Proverbs 31:10-31.

This year, the Junior High School contest was held March 2, at 2 o'clock in their assembly room. The Scripture Reading prize of \$5.00 was won by Etta Harper, ninth grade, and the Scripture Recitation prize of \$5.00 was won by Annie Buckins of the same class. The judges were Miss Wilhelmina Kurrelmyer, principal of Senior High School; Mrs. Mary Reddick, Matron of Morehouse Hall, and Miss Sadie Taylor, Bible Instructor. The Senior High School Contest was held February 24 at 2 o'clock in Howe Memorial Chapel. The Scripture Reading prize of \$10.00 was won by Ruby Wilson of the twelfth grade, and the Scripture Recitation prize of the same amount was won by Corrie Ray, eleventh grade. The judges were Mrs. George W. Coleman, a trustee of Spelman College; Mrs. P. M. Davis, and Miss Ann Hayden, Librarian of Atlanta University.

When the college contest was held March 2, at 4 o'clock in Howe Memorial Chapel, Miss Kittie Thomas, a Sophomore, and Miss Margaret Johnson, a Freshman, tied for the Scripture Reading prize of \$15.00. The Scripture Recitation prize of \$15.00 was won by Miss Lillie Sirmans, a Senior. The judges were Professor Lewis of Morehouse College, Miss Amy Chadwick, matron of the Leonard Street Orphanage, and Miss Lucy Hale Tapley, President Emeritus of Spelman College.

Miss Grace House, a worker in Penn School, St. Helena Island, near Buford, S. C., in speaking before the student body Wednesday morning, March 7, said that a group of young people always made her think of possibilities for service.

Quoting Dr. Brete, she said that the fundamental basis of leadership is found in:

1. Single motives.
2. Competitive motives.
3. Social motives.

One should have a broad outlook on life, she said, and those who are planning to teach should make it one of their aims to consider the backgrounds of their pupils.

Miss Katherine Butler, Student Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. Council, speaking to the student body and faculty, Thursday morning, March 8, said that all around us are magic casements that can, if opened, make this world of ours a happier place in which to live. Each individual should strive to develop the capacities within him or her. Great satisfaction comes when we find something we really want to do and can do.

## PERSONALS

The Misses Dickinson received a telegram Friday morning, February 17, saying that their brother, Edwin Harris Dickinson, of Amherst, Massachusetts, had died very suddenly. The brother finished his day's work as usual on Thursday, and died from angina pectoris after a night's illness. Mr. Dickinson was a graduate of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, was one of the Board of Selectmen of Amherst, and was prominent in church and town affairs. A son, Professor William C. Dickinson, of George Peabody College, visited his aunts for a few hours on his return trip to Nashville, after his father's funeral.

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Miss Susie Green, a teacher in Spelman Training School, lost her mother, February 5, 1928. The mother was Mrs. Annie Green, of Wadley, Ga.

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Miss Lillie Roudabush of the English Department, Spelman College, was suddenly called to her home in Osterburg, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, on account of the serious illness of her mother.

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Mrs. Alice Coleman, a member of the Board of Trustees of Spelman College, was on the campus for a few days in February. She had charge of the devotional exercises Monday morning, February 27.

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Miss Tapley comes out to see us quite often. She had charge of devotions Wednesday morning, February 29.

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On Monday morning, March 5, Mr. Craver, Senior Student Secretary of the National Council of Student Y. M. C. A. spoke at chapel on the Business of Good Will in the World and How to Further It.

## "A FRIEND INDEED"

By MABEL HILLMAN

"Now I'm gonna hurry down to Mr. James' store and get those eggs for granny. She promised to make a cake. My, but won't a cake taste good! We seldom have cake at our house. I don't know why, but granny says we're not able. She says they are for rich people and not for people like us."

So ran the thoughts of little Mary Ann Caruthers, as she half skipped and half ran down West Main Street toward the grocery store.

Mary Ann's grandmother had really sent her to the store for twenty cents worth of eggs, with the warning not to break them at any cost. If the eggs were broken, there would be no cake and the extra twenty cents, which had been earned that day, would be wasted. Mary Ann just knew she'd rather die herself than break the eggs, because who would deliberately break some eggs when they hadn't had any cake for some months or more?

About a block away from the grocery store, was an empty field. Every evening James Stratford and his gang congregated at this field to plot what mischief they could undertake to do. On this particular evening that little Mary Ann was on her way to the store, these rough boys were hidden behind some hedges not far from the sidewalk.

"Listen closely to my orders, boys, and I think we'll have some fun."

"Well, give the orders, Jim, and we are with you," shouted Alvin Loving, a husky freckled-faced chap about twelve years old.

"Sure, we'll follow," chimed in the others, "but shoot the dose quick, Jim."

By this time James had risen to his full height and began his plot in a masterful voice.

"Well, here it goes. You all know that girl called Mary Annie, don't you?" A mumble signifying, yes, circulated through the crowd. James continued, "She has gone to the store and it's very seldom she has any money to go to the store with. We're gonna stop her on her way back and take whatever she's got. Understand?"

"Yes," was the reply from all except Tom Moore, who didn't seem exactly pleased with the plan. However, he silently took the position that was given him and they all sat patiently waiting for little Mary Ann to pass.

Fifteen minutes later brought the sound of little half-clad feet upon the sidewalk and a distance of a yard or two brought her directly in front of the gate to the empty field. Out sprang about fifteen rough, strong boys. Some grabbed her hands, others her feet and James tied a handkerchief around her mouth.

"Take the sack," was the cry, "we're gonna eat her lolly-pops."

The sack was taken from her hands and given over to James. Poor little Mary Ann could do nothing but let the tears fall down her cheeks. She could not bear to see the eggs broken and the last twenty cents that her granny had, gone.

James opened the sack and to his amazement found the contents to be eggs. His anger was furious. "Why, the idea of a girl going to the store and buying ole eggs instead of candy! What shall we do with them, boys?"

"Break 'em! break 'em!" they all cried. "Maybe they'll have chickens in them."

"Here goes! One, two, three, and four. All gone. Now we'll let her go home to her granny and cry that out."

They untied Ann's mouth and laughed at her as she half fell and half stumbled up West Main Street toward home.

"What would granny think of me if I went home and told her those ole boys threw away our eggs? We can't have any cake and granny hasn't any more twenty cents. I'll just sit here on this stone and die, because I told her I'd die for the eggs."

Tom Moore found her sitting with her head buried in her gingham apron. When he walked up and touched her on the shoulder she seemed frightened half to death.

"I've brought you some eggs, Mae."

"Oh, you have! Where'd you get them? Did God send them? I asked him to send me four, just four for granny's sake."

"Well, here they are," replied Tom, smiling, "just four. I ran all the way home and begged mother for them after I found that yours had been broken."

"Thank you, thank you, and thank God," cried Mary Ann. "We can have our cake and I'll give you my share."

"No, thanks, Mary Ann. I'm glad that I can do that much for you. Good-bye."

Tom stood and watched her as she ran happily out of sight.



## THE HIGH SCHOOL SOCIAL

By ESTHER B. THOMAS

The annual social was given in Laura Spelman Hall on Friday evening, March 2, 1928, by the high school faculty in honor of the high school students.

The decorations of yellow and green were so arranged as to add very much to the pleasure of the affair.

The program was full of surprises. The high school faculty gave a short play and there were also recitations. Miss Hawkins sang a solo and Misses Towles and Fisher gave an instrumental duet. Several of the high school girls volunteered some excellent music. There were games and prizes, Miss Beautine Huber and Lucile Jackson being the winners.

Delicious refreshments of brick ice cream and fancy cakes were served.

Our President Emeritus, Miss Tapley, and President Read expressed their pleasure in the party with interesting talks. The girls gave their parting greeting to the hostesses and departed with happy hearts.

## THE JUNGLE CLAIMS ITS OWN

By ALPHA TALLEY, H. S.

As I looked out from my lair on a bright May morning, I noticed that the sun seemed to be shining more brightly than usual, as the tiny rays flickered down through the thick foliage. The odor of the tender, young shrubbery, mingled with the fresh, cool dampness of the earth, and smelled unusually fragrant. Jungle life seemed sweeter than ever.

Bright-colored flies darted to and fro; great lazy snakes hung from the mossy limbs above, hissing at ugly-faced, intruding wood insects, and the woods resounded with the roar of the lioness as she started in search of her day's food. Indeed, life seemed worth living.

I began to be anxious to leave my mother's side and frisk and tumble among the entangled briars, but a warning note in her snarl sent me scampering back.

Presently, I heard something different from the lioness' yelp or the deep bass note of the gorilla—a sharp, quick report from something that re-echoed through the forest. My mother stealthily crouched low, half hidden by a clump of sage grass, and her small, bright eyes flashed with anger like green fire balls.

Bang! Bang! What was that? I looked up to see several objects coming—yes, coming directly toward me. I tried to get away but was hemmed in on all sides. I was too small to resist their forces, and so the last thing I remember, I was put in a dark hole. (I learned later it was a box.) I could feel myself being bumped and kicked about for a long time and at last decided that I, like my mother, would soon be killed. I could not think clearly, for I was too weary; so at last I gave myself over to a deep sleep.

When I awoke, I could hear strange sounds and see strange things. More of the strange objects came up to me, jabbering something I didn't understand. Finally I was given food, which I haughtily refused, for I wanted my poor mother and little brothers and sisters.

I learned that these strange objects were people and I was to be given to a sweet missionary lady in Burma who liked pet animals very much. I felt sorry for the sweet lady who wanted me

for a pet for most certainly I was not going to be a pet. Revenge I wanted for the disturbance of my happy home and the death of my mother. Some day I would get it, too, I consoled myself.

I was taken to the home of the missionary, Mrs. Bruce, where I was received gladly. She thought I was such a "gentle, darling, little spotted thing." And so I bore the name. "Spot" everafterward. She cared for me so well that I learned to like her very much, and would take morsels of food from her hand. Then she would let me out of my cage for a short space of time until finally I was loosened for whole days. Many children of the village would come to play with me and make me climb and do many clever tricks.

As I grew older, I increased rapidly in size, and strength, and a desire to go back to the jungles came over me. I began to tire from the incessant teasing of children; especially did I dislike one elf-like boy in the missionary quarters whom they called "He." He stuck pins and other sharp things in me to make me leap, until I was furious. A deep hatred for human beings grew within me, and by my actions, I began to arouse suspicions. My mistress had me chained and told the children to keep out of my way for a while.

One Indian summer day as I lay basking in the sun, I got a whiff of the jungle atmosphere which aroused in me a frenzy for freedom. I was no more a docile baby Leopard, but a raging wild beast whose true home was in the heart of the forest. During my uproar some children thronged around. Among these was "He." I had made up my mind to kill him, and now in my fury I bounded toward him with all my weight. My leash snapped, and I made straight for him. There was a scream, a big splatter of blood, and I bounded, like the mad cat I was, to the jungles, leaving him dead on the ground.

I heard shouts and yells behind me, but nothing could stop me for the call of the wild was upon me.

I am in the jungles now, and I am happy. I sought the sweetness of revenge and found it.

## COMPARISON OF "CHRISTIAN HERALD" AND "CURRENT EVENTS"

By EDNA MAE DOUTHARD, H. S. '30

If we look at the titles of the two weekly papers, the "Christian Herald," and the "Current Events," we will think there is a large amount of difference in the material each contains.

The title "Current Events" would convey to a person who had not seen it before, the meaning, "events of importance happening everywhere." The title "Christian Herald" would convey to people who had never read it, the meaning, "facts about Christ or Christians."

The "Current Events" contains all of the things of particular importance in a condensed form so that only the main parts of the particular topic are given. The paper also has jokes to cheer you up when you are tired or not feeling so well. The "Christian Herald" contains facts about Christian life. It also has jokes and a small amount of fiction.

## SPELMAN GIRLS SING AT CITY Y. W. C. A.

By LOIS DAVENPORT

On the evening of February 16, nine of Spelman College Glee Club girls sang at City Y. W. C. A. meeting (white).

The meeting was opened promptly at eight o'clock with Miss Maud Watkins as speaker, who very interestingly and vividly told of the work of the Colored "Y" of Atlanta; how it was progressing, even through difficulties, and handicaps. When the business of the meeting was finished the Glee Club sang the following selections:

"Song of the Shepherd Lehl"—Korsakoff.

"The Lamb"—Danes.

"Salutation"—Gaines.

"Negro Spirituals."

The Club was praised for its tonality, harmony, and quality. The following girls sang:

First soprano—Misses Florence Jones, Phyllis Kimbrough, Ernestine Morrow.

Second soprano—Misses Thelma Brown, Lois Davenport, Inez Dumas.

Altos—Misses Margaret Johnson, Elizabeth Jones, Katie Walker.

Pianist—Miss Irene Dobbs.

The success of the Club was due to Miss Stella Haugan, directress.

## YOU ARE SO IMPORTANT THAT—

The wisest heads of the times make it their special business to choose your associates from the best families of the country.

The big beautiful building in which you live is securely locked and carefully guarded by brave watchmen while you comfortably repose from the pleasures and activities of your care-free life.

Men sit up all night long just to be sure that your room is nice and warm.

Wise men from the farthestmost parts of the country snatch time from their busy lives and come together and make plans for your pleasure and welfare.

Some of the very best teachers sit up late at night and even spend their well and hard-earned money in order to make your daily work interesting to you.

Workmen do their very best to beautify the place in which you live.

Philanthropists give their thousands that your life may be broad and rich and full.

There are those who spent all of their time, money and very lives trying to give you everything that life has to offer you.

Who are you? Are you thankful? Or have you ever stopped to think about it?

—JULIA E. PATE.

I prefer the "Current Events," because it has all the recent events and jokes in a condensed form while the "Christian Herald" has all these things, but it is not nearly as small as the "Current Events."



## JOKES

Wise Student: What was the president's name 20 years ago?

Listener (puzzled): Let me see, was it McKinley, or, or?

First Speaker: You dumb bell, his name has always been Calvin Coolidge.

Day Student: Oh, Amy, I went to see "Freckles" last night!

Boarding Girl: Who is she, a friend of yours?

History Prof.: What is meant by conservatives?

Junior: Not so liberal.

Senior: Oh, mercy, here come the freshmen, let's go.

Important Freshman: How much worse it would be if we had been born old and had to look forward to growing young and silly.

## REAL FACTS

Women's clothes may go to extremes but never to extremities.

If a man says he won't argue, he means he won't listen after saying his say.

Fifty per cent of the students have already spent their allowances for this month and are now almost crying because they are broke. Someone has suggested that their parents not send them any money for April to save them the trouble of crying.

Of course the fittest survive, as Darwin said. Are we all here after the six-week exam?

Congress may now stop Lindbergh from flying. That's right. Let some fly who can fly.

## HE WAS SO DUMB HE THOUGHT—

1. One could swim in a pool room.
2. One could write with a pig pen.
3. One could eat a movie serial for breakfast.
4. Easter Sunday was Billy Sunday's sister.
5. Theda Bara was a sister to Wheel Barrow and a brother to Paul Bearer.
6. Cocoa butter was a spread for bread.
7. A lumber jacket is made in a saw mill.
8. Bricks were made from Henry Clay.

Miss States, professor of Education and Miss Watts, principal of the Training School, accompanied by Miss Julia Morrow, a missionary from India, spent the week-end of February 24-26, at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama. They arrived at Tuskegee just in time for its annual colonial party Friday evening. On Saturday they were shown around the campus. One thing of interest to them was Mr. Carver's laboratory. On Sunday morning they attended the religious services on the campus and in the afternoon went out to the Veterans' Hospital.

## FOOLISH QUESTIONS

Is this winter as cold as last?  
What does it matter?

Will next summer be warm?  
Who knows?

Is Hickman insane?  
Who cares?

Speaking in psychological terms the friendships being formed between the students of Morehouse and Spelman Colleges, judging from the Sunday and Saturday afternoon evidences, may be divided into the same periods as the life of an individual. The periods with an example under each is as follows:

1. Early childhood.  
P. K. and R. M.
2. Later childhood.  
E. E. and J. W.
3. Early adolescence.  
A. R. and J. R.
4. Later adolescence.  
Z. J. and H. L.
5. Maturity.  
D. R. and B. B.

I'd rather be a Could Be,  
If I could not be an Are,  
For a Could Be is a May Be  
With a chance of touching par;  
I'd rather be a Has Been  
Than a Might Have Been by far;  
For a Might Have Been has never been,  
But a Has was once an Are.—The Skeeter,  
Bordentown High School.

When a girl smiles at you it means:

1. That you are actually funny to look at.
2. That Christmas is not far away.
3. That you are making a clown of yourself.
4. That she is smiling at someone beyond you.
5. Come hither.
6. That she hasn't got anything else to do.
7. That she has something up her sleeve.
8. Nothing at all.—The Paineite, Paine College.

## DON'T YOU WISH YOU HAD—

1. I. S.'s eyes?
2. S. F. B.'s pleasant disposition?
3. C. L. B.'s hair?
4. A. C. F.'s brains?
5. A. L. P.'s melodious voice?
6. Profs who would give you A's instead of O's, and E's for excellent instead of failure?
7. Won the renowned fame of D. R. as an athlete?
8. A job in the candy store?
9. One meal a day and that was all day long?
10. W. H. B.'s host of sweethearts?
11. A. L. J.'s musical ability?
12. T. B. B.'s courage to select such a contrasting friend?
13. A mother who is able to wire you a dollar?
14. J. E. P.'s sense of humor?

## EXCHANGES

## Art of Future May Come From Negro Race

In an interview with Edwin C. Hill, representing the New York Evening Sun, recently, Miss Maude Royden, the famous English author and preacher, is credited with saying that she believes that the great art of the future may come out of Africa, and from the Negro race, at that. She bases her prediction on the Negro's singular gift of music and instinctive perception of tone, as well as his love of color. Miss Royden also believes that there may be other enormous gifts to mankind, now lying fallow in the subconsciousness of other races, brown, perhaps, or yellow.—The Tuskegee Messenger.

Robert Browning considered the failure to invest life in some useful direction the supreme sin. "The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin." This was the crime of the man with the one talent. "I was afraid and went and hid my talent."—The Aurora.

An American happened to be in Sicily during the recent eruption of Etna.

"You've nothing like that in America, have you?" said the Italian friend of his, with pride. "No," replied the visitor, "we haven't, but we've got Niagara Falls, and it'd put that sizzling thing out in five minutes."—The Skeeter.

## HOW TO SEND THE BAD NEWS.

Dear Mother: I have done fine in all my work. I received three E's, which means excellent in class work, excellent on exam, and excellent for all my courses. In fact, I am doing so well that there isn't a class here to fit me, so I guess I will come home.—Shaw University Journal.

## WHERE DO YOU FIT?

By FRANK A. COLLINS,  
In Forbes Magazine

Where do you fit in this world of ours,  
With its hustle and bustle and work;  
Are you one of the throng that helps it along—  
Or are you with those who shirk?

Do you hit the job with a smile or frown;  
Do you carry a grouch all day;  
Are you one of the flock that watches the clock;  
Are you workin' for more than pay?

Is your job man-sized and worth the while,  
When you've tallied up your score;  
Are you keepin' fit and doin' your bit,  
And perhaps a wee bit more?

Are you one of the average just drifting along;  
Are you listed as Profit or Loss;  
Are you stallin' for time or startin' to climb;  
How much are you puttin' across?

Just pull in your slack and count up your score,  
Locate what you're aimin' to hit—  
Don't waste ammunition and all your ambition,  
But find out just where you fit.

—The Aurora.